

THE RURAL CASKET.

VOL. I.]

TUESDAY, June 19, 1798.

[No. 3.]

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE RURAL CASKET.

THE MEDDLER, No. I.

*Nam mihi facti,
Fama sat est.*

VIRG.

His sweetest music is the voice of Fame.

SHENSTONE.

MAN is a contradictory animal. His reason and his affection are in a state of constant hostility. His judgment is prostrated by his passions. And, he determines in one way, and acts in another.

The passions have been denominated the gales of life. It is thought that they are necessary means to direct the human bark down the stream of time. They are so. They keep the vessel from the vortex of a sluggish eddy; and, they waft her pleasantly to the expansive ocean at a distance.

The most imperious design which actuates the soul is the wish to obtain the approbation and the applause of mankind. This incentive to action portrays its influence in every grade of society. And, it is increased generally, in a ratio of the possession of its object. Whatever may be declared in the ebullition of anger, or in the frolic of imagination; whatever be the fog-

gestion of whim, or the dictate of apathy---it is manifest that the eclat of the age, or of posterity adds a grateful flavor to our cup of enjoyment. Good men have immolated their happiness on the altar of public opinion; and, bad men have enlarged their sphere of evil by employing this spur in their exercise of mischief.

Yet, the principle of ambition leads to improvement and to usefulness. It 'pushes the soul to such actions as are apt to procure honour and reputation to the actor.* It rouses the mind from the torpor and ennui which enslave it, and incites it to enterprise. It blunts the acuteness of distress, raises us superior to the common ills which occur, and disarms the unhappinesses of our being of their severest sting.

I called yesterday to see my friend Eugenius. He was reflecting on a recent change of

* Addison.

fortune

fortune which had called forth his fortitude. He told me his story. I perceived that I could suit it for the Casket. I returned home, gave it something of a Sternonian dress, and laid it by, to be tacked to the first number of The Meddler.

The prosperous days of Eugenius speed with abated pace --- His chariot wheels drag heavily. --- This is not a sore travel. So, follow him further. The serenity of his heaven is disturbed, and the thick cloud evolves with terrific aspect. It thickens--the

sombre vapour mantles the horizon! --- Good God! Misfortune with her scowling attendants flashes through the gloom, and the vault of day resounds with

*Peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven
and earth.* Thomson.

Does Eugenius fall a Colossus in the conflict of elements? No: He preserves the unaltered mien of a Socrates, or a Sidney. "Eripuit cælo fulmen!"

Poughkeepsie, June, 1798.

FOR THE RURAL CASKET. THE BASKET OF FRUIT.

[Enigmatical.]

1. **F**OUR fifths of a pleasant month, and a rural retreat.

2. The feign'd drink of the gods, a vowel, and two thirds of an implement used in fishing.

3. The pupil of the eye.

4. A garden vegetable, and the initial of an ill-omened bird.

5. To encourage, leaving out a letter, and half a Spanish coin.

6. The sea shore, changing a letter.

7. The support of grain, and a small succulent substance.

8. Four sevenths of a gliding stream, and an industrious insect.

9. An ornament for the head, changing a letter.

10. Three fifths of the staple of Dutchess, & two fifths of the blessing which appears likely to leave us.

An early solution is requested by

SELIMA.

June 15, 1798.

ANECDOTE.

TWO failors were observed by some gentlemen, to be busy in lifting an ass over the wall of a pound where it was confined---On asking the reason, the tars, with true humanity and character, replied, "Why look ye master, we saw this ani-

mal a ground, without victuals, d'ye see; and so my messmate and I agreed to cut his cable, and give him his liberty, because we have known before now, what it was to be on short allowance."

From

From Collections on Husbandry.

THE HORSE.

VOLUMES might be written on the Horse, and the subject not exhausted: but the business here will be to select from what has been said, that which is to the immediate purpose of the farmer.

We shall endeavor to separate the useful from the superfluous; and no more to omit any part of the one, than to load this treatise with the other. It is not our purpose to consider the horse as the racer, or in the manage, but as the useful servant of the farmer, who is to buy him for his purposes, with remembrance, that if he can breed from him, sell him at an advantage, or any other way make him a certain profit, 'tis all within the compass of his profession. We would no more have the farmer a jockey, than a sportsman; but so much of every branch, as may be useful to himself, without transgressing the bounds of his profession, we would have him know; and so much we shall endeavor to inform him.

The diseases to which this animal is subject are numerous, and many of them little understood. These destroy many an useful creature that might be preserved with proper care; and after all that has been written on this matter; after the innumerable bundles of receipts in old authors, and the discoveries, great as they are, which have of later time been made by ingenious persons, as well as by Gibson, Bracken,

Bartlet, and the rest, there is no book in the English language so much wanted as a complete system of Farriery.

It is not within the compass of our undertaking to enter upon this at large, nor is any more than a part of what might be said on it necessary to the farmer; but that part we shall endeavor to lay down, by the assistance of many enquiries, and a long experience, if not in a complete, at least in a useful manner.

It is but of late the consideration of horses has fallen into the hands of those who had the requisites for a due care of them. Farriers used to be among the most ignorant among mankind; and every blacksmith called himself a horse doctor. Of late the great use of this creature in our various concerns of business and pleasure, has rescued it out of such hands, and made it a subject of more education and abilities; and though the practice be yet far short of perfection, many advances have been made in it, with which the farmer should not be unacquainted.

So ignorant have the old writers been, that they are continually mistaking the seat and place of the diseases in this animal: nothing is so common as to see those who know no more of the creature than what they read in those erroneous books, rowelling and burning a horse in one place for a disorder, the seat of which lies in another, which cannot be affected

affected in any manner by what is done: excepting for the cheats of jockeyship, people are as unskilful in every respect; for all that seems to be studied now about a horse is, how to deceive the purchaser.

The diseases of this creature, will be explained hereafter: here we shall endeavor to set the farmer right with respect to the nature and kind of his cattle, and his management of them in food and at labor.

Horses, though all of one species, may be divided into many kinds, according to the different services for which they are designed. Those for the nobler exercises, or the uses of pleasure, demand a great deal of care and trouble, as well as large expence;

but the farmers' horses which are for labor only, require little of either.

Let him not take his directions from books, where the principal regard is shewn to the racer, the hunter, or the managed horse: the plain and cheap practice used for the waggon horse, and the poorer sort of road horses, is all that concerns him: this he will find here, & let him compare it with the management of his neighbours, to see how it agrees with that, and how it excels it: we would have him learn not only from what he reads, but what he sees; and improve his knowledge from the miscarriages as well as the success of others.

[To be continued.]

OBSERVATIONS ON THE LION.

By Dr. Sparman.

THE roaring of the Lion is a disagreeable and irregular cry, which, without resembling the noise of thunder, has something in it very terrible, especially during the night. We could easily discover by our cattle, when there were lions in the neighbourhood, even though they did not roar; the dogs did not dare to make the least noise by barking; our oxen and our horses sighed as it were, and stepped with great caution; they even some times fell down, and then rose up suddenly, as if they had been at bay. The lion when he roars holds his head down, so that in the mountainous re-

gions of Africa, his noise is heard at a great distance, and other animals have time to save themselves from his dreadful attack by a sudden flight. The manner in which the lion seizes his prey is almost always invariably the same: he makes a spring from his lurking place, and falls upon the unhappy victim; but if he misses his aim, he returns without noise to his seat, in order to leap with more address upon the first opportunity that offers. A Hot-tentot advanced in years, who was in the service of a Christian, at the upper part of Sunday river, not far from Kamdebo, was followed for two hours by a lion which

which never lost sight of him. This man well knew that the ferocious animal waited only for obscurity to jump upon him & tear him to pieces; as he was acquainted with his method of attack, he resolved to conceal himself until the approach of night, behind a little hill, upon the top of which he planted his walking stick, and hung his hat upon it with some of his clothes. This stratagem succeeded: the lion having advanced slowly to measure his leap, with the greater exactness, darted forwards & fell headlong on the other side of the hillock, so that the Hottentot had time to make his escape. This is not the only example of a lion being deceived in his attack: in those places where cattle are kept, the inhabitants, when an ox or any animal has been attacked by a lion, and when they find it necessary to be on their guard against his fury, they erect some object resembling a man, with fire arms disposed in such a manner that they go off the very instant the lion is about to spring upon it.

The lion is rather timid, and considering his strength, one may say, that he wants courage; sometimes, however, he shews extraordinary intrepidity. A lion entered an enclosure in which cattle were kept, and made great havoc amongst them, and as it was concluded that he would return by the same opening, a loaded fusée was placed in it, with a cord arranged in such a manner, that the lion only by touching of it, should make it go off; but the cunning animal, observing

the cord, drew it aside, and without being frightened by the report, advanced boldly to the place where he had left his victim. One thing remarkable is, that the lion, tho' accustomed to kill his ordinary prey immediately, never kills a man with the first blow, however furious he may be. A peasant who had just unyoked his oxen, saw two of them attacked by a lion, which soon fell under his destructive teeth; another with his two sons pursued this terrible animal, one of whom was seized unexpectedly and trodden down; but as he was only overturned, the rest had time to fall upon their ferocious enemy and destroy him. I saw in the same hut two Hottentots, who in their eyes and cheeks bore visible marks of the fury of a lion, which had, however, been satisfied with throwing them down and wounding them. They told me also that one of the chiefs of a horde, was thrown upon the ground by a lion, which wounded him in the arm and bit him severely, without taking away his life. It appears from this, in my opinion, that what characterises the lion, is neither courage nor cruelty; but a mixture of cunning and timidity, with boldness at the same time; and that when this dreadful and cunning animal is enraged, we ought to consider it as a change of character occasioned only by hunger. As he seldom meets with resistance, he is unacquainted in some measure with fighting, and suffers himself to be put to flight by the slightest means of defence. A labourer, a

man of undoubted veracity, told me that having walked out into one of his fields he was suddenly met by a lion, upon which he presented his fusée, but it missed fire; deprived therefore, of any further resource, he sought safety by flight, but having run till he was out of breath, he was going to stop, when he perceived a heap of stones. Taking advantage of this assistance, which he little expected, the lion, whatever might be the cause of his pusillanimity, ceased his pursuit, gazed at him for some time, and then lay down quietly at the distance of about twenty paces from the heap of stones. The peasant did not stir from the place during near half an hour, that his enemy remained in that spot; at length the formidable beast rose up, retired at first with a kind of fear, then began to run, and was soon out of sight of the man, from whom it appeared that he fled. It is well known, that the lion does not pursue his prey by smell, and that he catches it only by making open war. The lion is so swift in running, that he can easily overtake a horse on full gallop, and is so remarkably strong, that he has been seen carrying off an ox, which he had killed. Two Hottentots perceiving one which was dragging along a dead buffalo, in a neighbouring forest pursued him, and having made him abandon his prey, they remarked that he had taken the precaution to tear out the entrails that he might carry away the body with the greater ease. To seize these animals, the lion advances slowly, and without the

least noise, springs forward, falls upon his prey, and with one of his fore paws squeezes its muzzle with so much force, that it is stifled, and dies instantly. The buffalo however, has sometimes strength enough to discourage the lion: I have heard that a female with her young one, defended her self against five lions. People of credit have assured me, that a flock of these females having been attacked by a lion, they killed him and tore him to pieces.

The lion is hunted by the assistance of large dogs. When the lion spies them he stops and waits for them, as he is too proud to fly from them. The latter emboldened by their number, rush upon him, and tear him to pieces. Hunting on horseback is practised in the open country, and when the lion is in a forest, they endeavour to drive him thence, by letting loose dogs which keep continually barking. The hunters stand at a small distance one from the other, and generally two together, to assist one another, in case of necessity. As soon as the lion perceives them, he runs with all speed, to get out of their sight but if he observes that they pursue him, he slackens his pace as if he were ashamed of flying from his enemy; he then stops, shakes his head, and announces by dreadful roaring, that he waits for his antagonists. The hunters must then be upon their guard and retire a little, always taking care not to separate too far from one another. He who finds himself nearest to fire, jumps from his horse

horse and discharges his piece. If he misses, he immediately remounts, and saves himself among his companions. Another then watching for an opportunity, dismounts and fires in the same manner. If the second misses also, a third hunter comes to his assistance, and thus successively until the proud animal becomes their prey.

The lion is easily killed. People who had destroyed several, say that a lion wounded by fire-arms seldom runs far, whilst buffaloes often escape with a ball in their intestines, and afterwards recover. The skin of a lion is not so durable as the hide of an ox, and for this reason it is employed at the Cape, for the same purposes as that of the horse.

A SINGULAR TALE.

TWO English noblemen on their travels arriving at Paris put up at a house in which a German Count had died and laid a corpse. In the middle of the night, one of the two not being able to sleep, and growing weary of his bed, arose in order to amuse himself in the kitchen, where he heard some people talking. He had diverted himself there for some time, when being willing to return from whence he came, he again went upstairs: but instead of entering his own chamber, he went into that of the deceased Count, over whose head they had thrown a cloth. There is not so much ceremony used in France in the management of their dead, as in England and Germany; for they are satisfied with showing their affection to the living. The Englishman, after having put out his candle, laid down boldly by the defunct; when, creeping as close to him as possible, in order to warm himself, and finding his bed-fellow colder than he, began to mutter--What the d---! is the matter, my

friend? said he you are as cold as ice. I'll lay a wager, numb as you are, you would have been warm enough if you had but seen the pretty girl that is below stairs. Come, come, you may take my word for it, added he, and pulling him by the arm, come, zounds, stir, I'll engage you shall have her for a guinea. While he was holding this fine conversation with the dead, who (detached from the things of this world did not give himself the trouble of making a reply) his chamber door was opened, which made him raise his head from the pillow to see who was coming in. But judge what must be his surprise, when he saw a servant lighting in a joiner who carried a coffin on his shoulder! He thought at first that he had been in a dream; but looking about him, and seeing the visage of one who had not spoken a word, a visage over spread with a mortal paleness, he made but one jump from the bed into the middle of the chamber. The joiner and maid, immediately persuaded that he was the corpse, who being

ing unwilling to be shut up in the coffin, was now playing its gambols, their legs were unable to move with swiftness proportionable to their fear; and the joiner, maid, coffin, and candlestick, rolled one over another, from the top of the stairs into the kitchen. Zounds, what are you all about? cried the landlord; is the devil flying away with the dead man? Mercy on us! cried the maid, quite chopfallen, it is rather the dead man that would run away with us. I'll be hang'd said the joiner, if that dead fellow there has any more occasion for a coffin than I have? why he has got up in the middle of the room, and has just struck up a hornpipe. He has! cried the landlord, taking a light---faith we'll see that.

While the family was trembling and getting up to follow the master of the house, the English nobleman, who had again found his chamber, slipped into bed quite out of breath; and his friend having asked him where he had been, he told him that he had just been lying with a dead body. 'Sblood! a dead body! it had perhaps the plague, cried the other, jumping in his turn out of bed, and running to the door

to call for a light. The landlord, the landlady, and servants, who were passing through the gallery, no sooner saw him than they imagined that it was the dead who appeared again: and down they came much faster than they went up, heels over head from top to bottom, with the candlesticks rolling after them; at this confusion, joined with their shrieks and clamours, the Englishman, terrified at the hideous noise, soon made for his room, and slipped into bed to his companion, without the least fear of catching the plague. In the mean time an honest country priest who lodged in the Inn, got up and appeared armed with holy water, and a long broom instead of a little brush: he made his aspersions, and the conjurations prescribed by the Romish church, and conducted by way of procession the terrified, trembling people into the chamber of the defunct, who, thinking no harm lay quietly in bed. The priest was instantly regarded as a saint; and they all cried up the miracle of the holy water, which bound the corpse to its good behaviour, and prevented its being refractory.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

WHEN the great Scipio (the Roman general) was pursuing his conquests in Spain, a noble and beautiful lady became his captive. He was in the prime of life, and had a re-

lish for pleasure, and might have used his slaves as he pleased. He was smitten with her beauty, and acquainted her with it; but she received him with horror, declared she was pre-engaged to
one

one of her own country, and even produced her lover to plead with his potent rival. Scipio heard them with uneasiness, appeared irresolute, but condescended to declare his mind at another interview. The time came, the general took his seat, the guards attended, and the lady and her lover threw themselves at his feet, all in tears; under the greatest apprehension and perplexity.

The soldiers themselves were moved with pity; and Scipio rising from his seat, lifted the lovers from the ground, joined their hands, dried their tears, and made them forever happy in each other. This was a greater action than winning a battle: no man was great enough to conquer Scipio, but Scipio conquered himself.

CHINESE JUSTICE.

A Merchant of the city Nankin had, with equal industry and integrity, acquired a considerable fortune, which awakened the rapacious spirit of the viceroy of that province: on the pretence therefore, of its being too rapidly accumulated, he gave some intimations of his design to make a seizure of it. The merchant, who had a numerous family, hoped to baffle the oppressive avarice that menaced him by dividing his possessions among his children, and depending upon them for support.

But the spirit of injustice, when strengthened by power, is not easily thwarted in its designs; the viceroy, therefore, sent his children to the army, seized on their property, and left the father to beg his bread. His tears and humble petitions were fruitless; the tyrannical officer, this vile vicegerent of a beneficent sovereign, disdained to bestow the smallest relief on the man he had reduced to ruin; so that, exasperated by the oppression of the minister, the merchant, at

length, determined to throw himself at the feet of the sovereign to obtain redress, or die in his presence.

With this design he begged his way to Peking; and having surmounted all the difficulties of a long and painful journey, he at length arrived at the Imperial residence; and, having prepared a petition that contained a faithful statement of his injuries, he waited with patience in an outer court till the Emperor should pass to attend the council. But the poverty of his appearance had almost frustrated his hopes; and the attendant mandarins were about to chastise his intrusion, when the attention of the Emperor was attracted by the bustle which the poor man's resistance occasioned: at this moment he held forth a paper, which his Imperial Majesty ordered to be brought to his palanquin; and, having perused its contents, commanded the petitioner to follow him.

It so happened, that the viceroy of Nankin was attending his annual

annual duty in the council: the Emperor, therefore charged him with the crime stated in the poor man's petition, and commanded him to make his defence; but conscious of his guilt, and amazed at the unexpected discovery, his agitation, his looks and his silence condemned him. The Emperor then addressed the assembled council on the subject of the viceroy's crime, and concluded his harangue with ordering the head of his tyrannical officer to be instantly brought him on the point of a sabre. The

command was obeyed; and while the poor old man was wondering on his knees at the extraordinary event of the moment, the Emperor addressed him in the following manner, "Look, said he, on the awful and bleeding example before you, and as I now appoint you his successor, and name you viceroy of the province of Nankin, let his fate instruct you to fulfil the duties of your high and important office with justice and moderation."

REFINED CRUELTY.

From Wimpfen's Voyage to St. Domingo, in 1790.

A LADY whom I have seen, a young lady, and one of the handsomest in the island, gave a grand dinner. Furious at seeing a dish of pastry brought to the table overdone, she ordered her negro cook to be seized, and thrown into the oven yet glowing with heat. And this horrible Megara, whose name I suppress out of respect to her family; this infernal fiend, whom public execration ought to drive with every mark of abhorrence from society; this worthy rival of the too famous Chaperon*, is followed, and admired---for she is rich and beautiful!

The day after my return, I was walking before the casa of a planter with one of his neighbors, when we overheard him bid a negro go into the inclosure of this very neighbour, pull up two young trees which he point-

ed out to him, and re-plant them immediately on a terrace he was then forming.

The negro went; the neighbour followed him, surprised him in the fact, and brought him to his master, whom I had by this time joined, in the hope of witnessing a scene of confusion which promised to be amusing.

Conceive, sir, what passed in my mind, when, on the complaint of the neighbor, I heard the master coldly order another of his negroes to tie the defendant to a ladder, and give him an hundred lashes! We were both of

* A planter of St. Domingo who, in the same circumstance, seeing the heat shrivel and draw open the lips of the unhappy negro, exclaimed in a fury, "The rascal laughs!"

of us struck with astonishment, that, stupified, pale, and shuddering, while the unhappy negro received the barbarous chastisement in silence, we looked at one another without being able to utter a single word---And he who ordered, he who thus punished his own crime on the trembling instrument of his will; at once the dastardly perpetrator and the unfeeling witnels of the

most atrocious injustice, is here one of the first organs of the law, the official protector of innocence! Heavens! if a pitiful respect for decorum forbids me to devote the name of this monster to eternal infamy, let me at least be permitted to hope that Divine Justice will hear the cries of the sufferer, and sooner or later accumulate on the tyrant's head, all the weight of its vengeance.

HUMOUR.

FEMALE loquacity has ever been a subject for wit to shoot its arrows at: How unjustly so those who have had the happiness of much frequenting the society of the ladies of the present age will readily testify. A Capuchin Friar, however of a contrary opinion, preached before the immure inhabitants of a nunnery, having said many fine things of Mary Magdalen, added, "But do not, my beloved, be too proud that our blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguishing honor of appearing first to a female after his resurrection; for it was done that the

glad tidings might spread the sooner."

Revenge, however, is sweet, and at a country church, where it is customary for the women to stand on one side and the men on the other, two of the latter speaking so loud as to interrupt the service. A female of the congregation, happy in having an opportunity of vindicating her sex, exultingly requested the Curate to take notice that the talking was not on her side of the church: So much the better, good woman," replied he, "it will be the sooner over."

THE SAILOR'S ADVICE ON MARRYING.

MY little fair one, as soon as you have entered on board stand prepared for all kinds of weather, and in every shifting rudder of reason, carefully avoid the rocks of imprudence, run no risks by prohibited commerce, make no false signals, nor hang part of the scene, guide

your vessel by the outside colours, but mind to a hear when to traverse or tack to advance and to retreat, and skillfully steer from the straits of contention, preserve yourself steady though fiends attempt to seduce you and by a well ballasted head, secure your heart against the top gallant.

lant delights of age, which never fail to engage the fresh water fry: and always remember to keep your rebellious passions under the hatches, that they may not make a too frightful exploi-

on, and give such a shock to the pillars of wedlock as would quite discourage your lover, and cause him with full spread sails, to bear away from the gulph of ruin and destruction.

NEWS FOR RAKES.

THEOPHILUS CIBBER, in company with three other *hon vivants* made an incursion into France.----One had a false set of teeth, a second a glass eye, a third a cork leg, but the fourth had nothing particular except a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post coach, and while they were going the first stage, after each had made merrymy with his neighbour's infirmity, they agreed that at every halting place, they would all effect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast they were all to squint---and as the countrymen stood gaping around when they alighted, "and rot it, (cried one) how that man squints." "Why hang thee, (says the second) here be another squinting fellow." The third was thought a better squinter than the other two, and the fourth better than all the rest. In short language cannot express how admirably they squinted; for they went on a degree beyond the superlative. At dinner they all appeared to have cork legs, and their stumping about to make more sport than they had at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf; but at supper, which was at Dover, each man resumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among themselves.

When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called out to the waiter,---here you fellow, take out my teeth; "Teeth sir?" Ay, teeth sir. Unskrew that wire, and you'll find they all come out together; after some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered.

This was no sooner performed, than a second cried out, here you, take out my eye: How sir, said the waiter, your eye? Yes my eye; come here you stupid dog, pull up that eyeled and it will come out as quick as possible! This done a third cried out, here you scoundrel, take off my leg. This he did with less reluctance, being before apprised that it was cork, and also imagined that it would be his last job. He was however mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and while the poor affrighted waiter was surveying with a rueful countenance, the eye, teeth and leg, cried out, with a hollow voice, come here, sir, take off my head! Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like a mandarin upon a chimney piece, he darted out of the room, and after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran about the house, swearing that the gentlemen up stairs were certainly all devils.

SELECTED

SELECTED POETRY.

ON THE SAILING OF THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE.

THE anchor weigh'd the cannon's roar,
Proclaims along the echoing shore,
The manly farewell of a crew,
To honest independence true ;
Th' enraptur'd cheers, declare their actions, free,
Self urg'd self arm'd, to fight for liberty.
No sighs disgrace the gather'd croud ;
The shouts of joy are heard aloud ;
No wife her parting lord restrains,
To check the smile her soul disdains ;
"Haste, haste," she cries, "to act the glorious part,
"Leave, leave, my arms, and reign within my heart."
Each sister, as she bids adieu
Crimsons with the glowing hue
Of honest pride, and loud declares,
"The noble toil my brother shares."
E'en children catch the all pervading glow,
And prattle vengeance on the insulting foe.
The vessel now adown the tide,
Moves slow in independent pride ;
While Delaware with honest boast,
Presents her to th' insulted coast ;
There may her cannon to the world decrees,
Columbia can, and ever will be free.
And you ye tars, who foremost stand,
Guardians of your injured land,
May smiling cherubims on high,
Guard you with a watchful eye,
From rocks and shoals your winged castle bear,
Nor storms and tempests follow in your rear.
We pray not from a mortal foe,
The Heavens to turn your chafing prow ;
Your courage prov'd our quarrel just,
In you we place implicit trust ;
Assured you'll reap from every equal fight,
Success as glorious, as our cause is right.

THE FIELD MOUSE,

From the Poems of Mrs. Bunell.

A Mouse, the sleekest of the train
That ever stole the farmers grain,
Grew tir'd of acorns, wheat, and pease,
And long'd to feed on savoury cheese.
A travell'd fir, a mouse of spirit,
Endow'd with wit, but little merit,
In evil hour a visit paid,
And turn'd his inexperience'd head

With

With stories of I know not what !
 The comforts of the shepherd's cot,
 The plenty of the farmers barn,
 And granaries replete with corn ;
 But most of luxury and waste
 Of houses own'd by men of taste,
 Where a man-cook consumes the meat,
 Yet leaves enough for mice to eat,
 And in whose pantry, cheese and ham
 Invite a colony to cram.

The longing mouse the story hears ;
 He feels alternate hopes and fears ;
 His friends advice he dares pursue,
 And bids his rural friends adieu.
 When night her sable curtain spread,
 And all was silent as the dead,
 Our hero crept along the way,
 His friend had pointed out by day,
 And entering at the cellar door,
 Ascended to the pantry floor.
 Behind a table there he lies,
 And thinks himself secure and wise ;
 At morn a plenteous scene appears,
 Enough to serve him many years ;
 (The reliques of a sumptuous dinner
 Are tempting to a young beginner)
 He peeps, and thinks he may come out
 To taste a bit, and look about ;
 No foe appears, and bolder grown,
 He swears the treasure is his own ;
 Then sallying forth in open day,
 Eats all that comes into his way.

But soon the greasy cook is seen—
 The mouse looks pitiful and mean ;
 Scouts from the dresser in a fright,
 Yet does not scape his watchful sight.
 The gnaw'd remains of viands rare
 Are taken from the shelf with care,
 And in their place a trap is set,
 To make the thief repay the debt.

The mouse at evening dares to peep
 And thinks his foe is fast asleep ;
 The savoury cheese his fancy draws :
 Within the traps' unfeeling jaws:
 He finds too late his error there,
 And dies upon the fatal snare ;
 (A martyr unto bad advice ;
 A lesson to imprudent mice,
 Who, discontented with their home,
 To gayer scenes desire to roam.)

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

LONDON April 9.

The Executive Directory, on the 31st ult, reflecting on the reports which have been addressed to it by the minister of Marine and Colonies, during his residence at Brest, and considering that the want of concert in the operations of the army and navy destined against England has been the means of retarding the expedition, decrees as follows;

1. That Gen. Buonaparte shall proceed to Brest in the course of the present decade to take upon him the command of the "Army of England."
2. He is charged with the direction of all the forces by land and sea, destined on the expedition against England.
3. The present decree shall not be printed. The Ministers of War and Marine are charged with its execution. (Signed)

*Merlin, President,**Lagarde, Sec'y Gen.*

A letter from a gentleman on board his Majesty's ship Triton, of 32 guns, captain Gore, cruising on the French coast, dated the 3d of April.—"We yesterday looked into Brest, and counted seventeen pendants flying on board ships in the road, ten of which were ships of the line, the others frigates and corvettes. They all have their sails bent, and appear quite ready for sea.—We stood so close in that several bomb shells were thrown at us from the batteries but did us no damage."

April 13.

We have just received Paris papers to the 10th instant.

The most interesting particulars to an English Reader are the very formidable preparations in the French Ports against this country. In Rochefort, Havre, and Brest, there is the greatest activity.

April 14.

It is with much pleasure that we announce the sailing of the Channel Fleet, under the command of Lord Bridport. And as the wind has been fair since the departure of Sir Roger Curtis, it is probable that, ere now he has reached the coast of Ireland, the place of his destination.

DUBLIN, April 4.

Letters were yesterday received in town from Killaloe, (county Clare) which state, that a party of Yeomanry had on Saturday last killed twelve insurgents in that neighborhood. The facts is fully authenticated by persons of the highest respectability. The only particulars which we have heard are, that a band of armed ruffians assaulted all the persons who were coming out of church after having attended divine service. The clergyman, a most worthy and esteemed gentleman, was also attacked, and to escape assassination fled to a bog, where breast deep in water, he was fired on by the assassins. A party of Yeomanry were fortunately passing by the church at that time, and being informed of his danger flew to his assistance, killed twelve of the assassins on the spot, whose bodies were found, & wounded many more. They took no prisoners.

DOMESTIC

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

NEW-YORK, June 11.

NO QUARTERS!

Capt. Quinton of the brig *Prudent*, from St. John's, N. B. was taken and his vessel burnt, in the afternoon of the 7th inst. about 10 leagues to the S. S. E. of the Hook.—Capt. Quinton informs at 3 P. M. the same day, the British brig *Earl Moira* was engaged with the French privateer and fired about 20 guns, when the privateer stood off to the southward and the brig pursued.—The capt. of the French privateer informed capt. Quinton that his orders were, in case any American armed vessel made resistance, to give them no quarters.

POUGHKEEPSIE,

June 19. 1798.

Out of 21,000 votes given in for Governor at the late election in Massachusetts, his Excellency Increase Sumner had upwards of 27,000. Mr. Sumner, all the world knows, is a decided Federalist.

The *Dublin Evening Post* of Thursday, March 15, thus speaks of the disturbances in Ireland:

"Nothing could have been more singular or more awful than the situation of this city for the last four days.

"On the first of these, the government of the country, by a sudden and bold measure, arrested by a military force a number of the principal citizens in very different parts of the city at the same mo-

ment, and every street exhibited a body of soldiers occupying or surrounding a house, or hurrying a way its inhabitants.

"The seat of the chief governor, in the mean time, was shut up and surrounded by crowds, anxious for the fate of their friends, or curious to learn the cause of so strange a commotion; at every corner groups were enquiring or communicating intelligence of the events that were passing; business every where suspended, drums beating to arms, and the yeomanry pouring forth to their place of parade.

"This day, so eventful and so busy, was succeeded by a night of the most gloomy and deep silence: every man keeping close to his house, as death was abroad, and waiting as in a strong hold, in anxious curiosity for the news of the morning.

"The morn comes—more prisoners are brought into the country—public anxiety is still alive—some fearing for themselves, others soliciting for their friends, all eager but unable to learn the extent of the measure which was carrying into execution, the causes which rise to it, or the extent of the mischief that was dreaded.

"Nothing new occurred on this day, the trepidations of the public begins to subside—danger from tumult or insurrection no where appearing, business is resumed. Another night of armed tranquillity succeeds and on the next day things resumed their old tram, there remained no visible traces of those most uncommon scenes by which fear, anxiety, & curiosity has been so strongly excited."

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